

IDEAS.

The things which the Masons claim to do for fellow Masons, are things which every true man does for all his fellow-men.

Stick to your New Year's resolutions. If you can keep them one day you can keep them 365 days, by God's help.

Stand by the Sunday School and church services through the winter. God sends Sunday every week because we need it.

Plan to make more off of your land this year—put in more brain and more sweat.

He. "Oh! why won't you marry me? I'm dead in love with you."

She. Well, it's your funeral.

Take Notice.

Rev. A. E. Thomson, well known to our citizens, will hold a protracted meeting in College Chapel at the end of this month. All churches will be invited to cooperate.

Life of Christ in Pictures. A sermon on the life of our Lord, illustrated with splendid stereopticon views, will be given at the Berea Church House by Brother Burgess, the new pastor, Sunday at 7 p. m.

To Our New Readers.

THE CITIZEN is now being mailed to a number of new readers, who have not subscribed for the paper. A kind friend has subscribed for you and the paper will be sent without expense to you for a few weeks. This gift subscription will include the paper for Jan. 31st.

After that, if the CITIZEN is to continue its visits you must send us the subscription price, fifty cents.

We ask you to enjoy the paper while it is coming as a gift, and carefully consider whether you had not best provide for having it come regularly.

Notice how much reading matter there is each week.

Notice what good reading matter is furnished.

Notice that there is something for young and old.

Notice that every number contains items of great value.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The Ministers at Peking have not yet reached a decision in the peace negotiations.

The weather in Europe is extremely cold, and southern Italy is covered with snow, for the first time in many years.

Lord Roberts has been made an earl by Queen Victoria.

The Boers have invaded Cape Colony, and 5000 more men have been asked for from England.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Phillip D. Armour, the millionaire pork packer of Chicago, is dead.

Students of all the leading colleges are to be invited to take part in the McKinley inauguration parade.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

The January term of the Franklin Circuit Court convened Jan. 8 and indictments against those charged with complicity in the Goebel assassination were continued to the spring term.

In his charge to the grand jury Judge Cantrill took occasion to say that he disagreed with the ministers, educators and press in their boast of great achievements in the century just closed. He said that while intellectual development had progressed, it had done so to the exclusion of moral education and as a consequence the standard of morality is constantly retrograding, and crime increased almost in the same degree as intellectual development has progressed.

In the State Fiscal court the Rich Water & Light Co. and the Paducah Water Co. were fined \$1000 each and the Louisville Public Warehouse Co., \$500, for failing to report to the Auditor for their franchise valuations.

The new election law which is to supersede the famous Goebel law will go into effect next Sunday week.

The Court of Appeal is hearing arguments in the Haward case.

Judge O'Rear has taken his seat in the Court of Appeal.

The star witness in the Booz and Breth hazing cases at West Point was Cadet Burnam, son of Judge Burnam of the Court of Appeal. Burnam was Booz tent-mate.

Judge James Denton of Somerset, will be appointed to succeed J. W. Yerkes as Internal Revenue Collector for the 8th district.

Locals and Personals.

Preaching at the Baptist Church to-night.

Miss Julia Rowlett has returned from Conway.

Prof. Mason is confined to his room from la grippe.

Miss Mattie Gillen of Richmond is home for a few days.

Miss Sallie Ann Davis has been very ill from pneumonia.

Mrs. Erasmus Todd is quite sick at her home on Chestnut St.

Mrs. Frost of Riga, N. Y. is visiting her son Ralph at Pres. Frost's.

Married Jan. 8 at Lowell, Mr. Geo. Leavell and Mrs. Mary White.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Pigg of Tuscola, Ill., are visiting Mr. H. J. Pigg.

Will Graham of Tuscola, Ill., is the guest of Miss Tillie Robinson.

J. W. Stephens who was sick last week, is again on duty at the depot.

W. T. Lutes of Alstyne, Texas, is visiting his sister, Mrs. L. C. Duncan.

Mrs. Will Durbin of Richmond is the guest of her cousins, the Misses Duncan.

Mrs. O. P. Green of Millersburg is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Gillen.

Pat Kearns and son of Winchester, visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Erastus Spence has built a store on the corner of Elder Ave. and Owsley street.

Pres. and Mrs. Frost entertained Friday evening in honor of Rev. and Mrs. Burgess.

Miss Jennie Estill, on account of ill health, returned last week to her home at Lexington.

Mrs. Minerva Moody, one of the ante-bellum students of Berea College has moved here.

Elder & Richardson spent several days in Lexington last week purchasing livery equipment.

Mrs. A. W. Titus returned Monday to Lexington where she is matron of the Colored Orphans' Home.

Miss Nancy Tudor after visiting friends in Richmond and Cincinnati, is back with the Misses Richardson.

Be sure to hear "the laughing philosopher," Dr. Hawks, who appears in the lecture course, Saturday night.

Miss Cora Noville who has been visiting her uncle, Hiram Pigg, will soon leave for her home, Comargo, Ill.

Dr. Lusk received a telegram Sunday announcing the death of his brother-in-law, Wm. Morris, at Rush, O. T.

Large numbers of new students are still coming in, and special pains are being taken to provide both classes and boarding places for all.

F. B. Crook who took morphine at the Stag Hotel, Cincinnati, last Tuesday night, with suicidal intent, is now said to be out of danger.

Rev. C. H. Palmer, who was recently appointed Prohibition Evangelist for the 8th district, left Monday for Junction City, where he will make his headquarters.

Mrs. Ellen Butler, Miss Fannie Browning, Thomas Butler, Archie Ballard, Howard and Schuyler Best, who have been spending the holidays with friends near Berea, have returned to their home at Springfield, O.

LOST.—Miss Van Horne, Director of the Hospital, has lost a pair of Opera Glasses. They were mounted in black frames and enclosed in a Morocco Case. The finder will please bring them to The Citizen office and receive a reward.

Thanks to the efficient care of Miss Van Horn of the Nurse's School, and her helpers, we have managed a number of cases of measles in such a way as to carry the students through comfortably with small loss of time and no unpleasant consequences. Berea students have far better health, on the average, than any equal number of young people at their homes. And we are saying goodbye to the measles for this year.

The Mountain boys met Jan. 4, 1901 in room No. 4, Lincoln Hall, and organized a Union Debating Society. The following officers were elected:—P. M. Frye, President; J. C. Tay, Vice Pres.; S. J. Frazier, Secretary; J. C. Engle, Assistant Sec.; J. C. Jones, Chaplain; J. L. Jones, Editor; J. D. Creech, Critic; B. F. Robinson, Treasurer; C. B. Anderson, Sergeant-at-Arms; P. A. Smith, J. W. Wells, R. L. Howard, Committee on Program.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Madison County.

The ladies of the M. E. Church, Richmond, netted \$20. at the Court Day dinner.

The residence of Mr. B. F. Deatherage, about 4 miles from Richmond, was destroyed by fire Friday night. Loss, \$4000. No insurance.

The farm recently owned by M. V. Pigg, on the Irvine pike, 3 miles east of Richmond, was sold last week to W. W. Pigg for \$38. per acre. The farm comprised 136 acres.

The Board of Tax Supervisors met in Richmond, Monday at 1 p. m.

County Clerk White issued the following marriage licenses yesterday: Jessie Alexander and Sallie B. Carpenter, of Big Hill; J. Allen Moberly and Hattie Warmouth, of Cottonsburg; B. J. Hudgins and Sallie Wilcox, of Silver Creek.

The Ford Index says: "A peculiar disease has appeared among horses at Brassfield and several have died. The horses suddenly go blind and after a few hours die. No one seems to know what the disease is." Feeding worm-eaten corn to horses will produce like results. (Ed. CITIZEN.)

Rev. D. G. Combs, the mountain evangelist, has a monthly appointment at Mt. Zion church.

Eld. L. H. Reynolds has accepted the call to serve Speedwell church for the year 1901.

The census for 1900 gives the population of Madison county as 25,607, of Richmond 4,653, and Berea 762. This does not include the students and faculty of Berea College.

The week of prayer is being observed in the Richmond churches. The stores close from 3:30 p. m. to 4:30 p. m. This is as it should be.

County Court was attended by a large crowd Monday. Business was unusually good and very few drunks were recorded. Cattle sold well. A bunch of 500-pound, 2 year old steers sold at 44 cents. Slopers, 500 to 700 pounds sold at 3 1/2 cents. 700 pound heifers at 34 cents. Fifty sheep (ewes) brought \$2. per head. Horses sold well from \$65. to \$125., mules from \$75. to \$150.

Rev. W. R. Lloyd, late pastor of the Christian church, Richmond, has accepted a call to Youngstown, Ohio.

Annual Church Meeting.

Annual meeting of the Berea Church, with dinner, etc., was an enjoyable event. A handsome lounge was presented to Rev. Wm. Lodwick, as a token of gratitude for his services as acting pastor. The new pastor, Dr. Burgess, was present, and seemed at once like an old friend. New officers elected were O. E. Nixon and Reuben Preston, deacons; Mrs. Prof. Dinsmore, Supt. of Junior Endeavor, and Wm. Flanery, Sec. of Sunday School. Dr. Burgess and family are staying with President Frost while getting ready for their home in the house vacated by Mr. Mahaffey on the Richmond pike. He will have a study in the Towner entry of the Chapel.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

Time Table in Effect Sept. 1, 1900.
Going North. Train 6, Daily.
Leave Berea.....11:49 a. m.
Arrive Richmond.....12:20 a. m.
Arrive Paris.....3:15 p. m.
Arrive Cincinnati.....6:00 p. m.
Going South. Train 1, Daily.
Leave Berea.....1:22 p. m.
Arrive Livingston.....2:18 p. m.
J. W. STEVENS, Ticket Agent.

Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Booker T. Washington, whose portrait appears this week, is one of the marked men of our times. Born a slave in West Virginia, he earned and saved the money for a college education, graduated at the Normal and Industrial Institute at Hampton, Va., and started a school of his own at Tuskegee, Ala., and has now built it up until it enrolls over one thousand students a year.

While doing this great work, Washington has constantly studied and improved himself. He has made the acquaintance of leading educators and public men north and south and has in every way conducted himself in such a manner as to make friends for himself and his race.

Such a life is a fine example, to be studied by both white and colored people. It shows to any Negro boy that he can make something of himself if he will, and it shows to every white boy that his colored neighbors have souls like his own.

It is well to remember that the American Negro came to this country against his will, but his ancestors have lived here for many generations. This is his country as much as it is the country of the Irishman or the Italian or the German immigrant. It is his country by right of birth, and every true patriot should wish to help the Negro acquire the education and habits of industry which will make him a good citizen.

Emancipation made a great change, of course, in the life of the Negro. Slavery had taught him a little of industry, but after all he felt that labor was a wrong and was naturally in the habit of shirking. Besides this, under slavery, the Negro did not have to provide for himself and so failed to learn forethought and self-control.

Since the war the Negro race has been dividing. Some colored families, as might have been expected, were made drunk by their freedom and have become more lawless and brutal; but others who had had a little education to begin with, or the friendly encouragement of white neighbors, started on the upward path. On the whole, the United States Census shows that the colored people of the South have made as much progress in proportion to their ability and opportunity, as any of their neighbors.

The great wisdom of Booker T. Washington has been that he has taught his people to rely upon their own industry and good character for securing comfort and happiness. He has said again and again, "No matter what wrongs I may suffer, I am not going to hate anybody." And he has said again and again, "I wish my people to pay attention to those evils which they can themselves cure. Nobody can prevent a Negro from working, from saving, from going to school. If we use our opportunities in this direction we shall prosper."

The colored troops in the regular army and those serving in the war with Spain did their duty like men.

There are not many men like Booker T. Washington, but every year there will be more.

The great Exposition at Atlanta had a department for Negroes, which showed their industry, their thrift, and their capacity for improvement. We may well believe that the colored population, if suitably encouraged and guided, will contribute its share to the prosperity and glory of this great Republic.

Read, Reflect, Act!

Mr. Covington, of Covington & Mitchell has purchased the interest of Mr. Mitchell, deceased, from the administrators, to take effect January 1, 1900. In order to meet our obligations by Jan. 1st., it will be necessary for us to do the greatest business in our career. Our entire stock in this short time must be converted into money, and we know of no better way to bring about this result quick than

Extraordinary Low Prices.

After a careful consideration we concluded to name such Low Prices on every item in our store as will cause people to wonder.

It has taken a great deal of courage to do this at the very beginning of the Fall Season. But, we figure on doing a tremendous volume of business and at the same time feel that by giving mighty values that we are going to make many new and lasting Customers and increase the prestige of this store for the future. Now, we know, everybody knows that we always have given the best merchandise the market affords. For the Fall our stock of

Men's and Boy's Clothing, Furnishings, Hats, and Shoes

Is better, stronger and More Original than ever before. Of course, the early buyers will get the cream of selection and those who grasp the opportunity now will show their good judgement.

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C. I. OGG, Proprietor.

Up-to-date Photos. Nothing but the best finish at the lowest price.

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Telephone, Residence, No 62, Office, No 60.

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Lowest Prices **Douglas Bros.** **Latest Styles**

Reliable Merchants.

Richmond's leading Shoe and Gents' Furnishing Goods Retailers

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, & Gents' Furnishings

We wish to announce to the people of Berea and vicinity that we are showing this FALL the most Complete Stock ever shown in this city. As usual with us everything bought here can be relied upon as being the best and the prices as being the lowest.

Call and see our line before buying elsewhere.

207 WEST MAIN **Douglas Bros.** 207 WEST MAIN
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ITEMS OF INTEREST

The News of the World Condensed and Collected for the Benefit of the Busy Reader.

MONDAY.

Charles Alexander, grand duke of Saxe-Weimar, is dead.

John C. Sims, secretary of the Pennsylvania Railway Co., is dead.

Former United States Senator Jas. W. Bradley died at his home in Augusta, Me., of bronchitis. He was born in 1802.

There are smallpox cases in over 100 counties in Missouri, and rigid quarantine fails to stop the progress of the disease.

Great uneasiness is manifested among the night station men on the "L" line of Chicago owing to a series of recent hold-ups.

Cape Town calls loudly for strong reinforcements. The invaders' successes may cause an uprising of the Dutch in the colony.

Gen. Feng Tse Tsai has received orders from the empress dowager to proceed with his army of 15,000 men to the Yang Tse valley.

Eight men were suffocated by smoke in the Harvard hotel, Minneapolis, Minn. The fire originated in a furniture factory in the rear.

There will be a large representation of the colleges and universities of the United States in the inaugural parade in Washington March 4.

The Molokanen, a sect numbering 40,000 whose founders removed in 1840 from various parts of Russia to the Caucasus, contemplate emigrating to America.

A big battle was fought between the Colombian forces and the rebels under Gen. Uribe. The battle ended in a defeat for the latter, who broke into small parties. Gen. Uribe escaped.

Philip D. Armour, the multi-millionaire packer of Chicago, died at his home in that city, after an illness of two years. His wealth is estimated at between \$30,000,000 and \$50,000,000. His death will have little effect upon the outward working of the great enterprise with which he had been so closely identified.

TUESDAY.

Li Hung Chang is seriously ill and the settlement of the troubles in China are again delayed.

A crusade against vice in Louisville, Ky., resulted in the indictment of 41 gamblers on various counts.

A specific reward of \$13,000 is now offered for the arrest of Pat Crowe, suspected of kidnapping Eddie Cudahy, and nothing is said in the offer about "conviction."

Thomas Cunningham, president of the Bank of Joplin, Mo., received a letter through the mail demanding that he place \$1,000 in gold in a sack and deposit it at a designated spot south of Joplin. If he should refuse to comply the writer threatened to shoot him on sight.

As a result of a protracted series of experiments with salt solutions, two prominent physicians of Chicago claim to have demonstrated that in cases of great loss of blood by disease or injury, normal salt solution used as a restorative will save life even when 90 per cent. of blood has been lost.

Only the powerful influence of Benjamin Morris, father of Nellie Morris, who was murderously attacked by Walter Winestock near Hackney, prevented a mob of his neighbors from going to McConnellsville, O., and dealing out summary justice to the wretch, who cowers within the walls of the Morgan county jail.

WEDNESDAY.

Brig. Gen. R. N. Bacheider, U. S. A., retired, is dead.

Announcement was made that Adm. Kautz will be retired January 29.

A bill to restore capital punishment has been introduced in the Colorado legislature.

Capitalists are preparing to build a railway line from Louisville, Ky., to Port Royal, S. C.

Three separate columns are pursuing Gen. De Wet in Cape Colony, with no success beyond taking a few prisoners.

At San Jose, Cal., Mrs. Conrad Huff, was arrested charged with firing the house and cremating four of her stepchildren.

The Canadian government will erect a building and make an exhibit at the Pan-American exposition, Buffalo, N. Y.

The naval board of construction has decided to almost completely rehabilitate the cruiser Baltimore at a cost of \$500,000.

Two colored men, Jim Denson and his half brother, were taken from jail at Madison, Fla., and lynched. They had killed Fred Redding, a farmer.

Reports from the Philippines tell of many small captures, destruction of insurgents' camps and the seizure of supplies, animals, and other necessities.

Seventeen well-to-do farmers on the Oneida Indian reservation have been arrested charged with cutting timber belonging to the government worth \$48,000.

Miss Nellie Morris, at Hackney, O., was attacked with a razor by Walter A. Wenstock. He cut her across the neck, severing the muscles and laid bare the jugular vein. Miss Morris' hands were cut to pieces in her mad attempt to rescue herself from the man. She was fatally wounded. Wenstock was arrested and narrowly escaped lynching.

THURSDAY.

The mosquito fleet has arrived at Bermuda.

Smallpox has been discovered in the downtown district of Chicago.

Lord Roberts has taken charge of his new position as commander-in-chief of the British army.

In Searcy county, Arkansas, four farmers are dead and ten more seriously ill from drinking wood alcohol. There is an unconfirmed report that Count von Walderssee was killed by an officer of the allied troops at Peking.

Gens. Fitzhugh Lee and James H. Wilson are to be returned as major-diers and Gen. Shafter as a major general.

Bids were opened for the construction of a new department of justice building of marble. The bids will be sent to congress.

It is announced that Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching are prepared to sign the agreement as soon as it is ready for signature.

The report of Inspector General Knox, on inspection of the national soldiers' homes, shows them to be in a high state of efficiency.

Cashier E. C. Remme, of the Newport German national bank, is under arrest, charged with falsifying records and aiding and abetting the same to be done.

A Chicago manufacturer was held to the criminal court for importing workmen without informing them of the existence of strike troubles at his plant in Chicago.

Washington has been selected as the site for the proposed replica of the Lafayette monument, erected in Paris with the contributions of American school boys.

Boers are traveling in Cape Colony in parallel columns with many flanking parties, sweeping the country of horses, plundering loyalists and carrying off everything eatable.

FRIDAY.

The public debt was decreased \$1,983,565 during the month of December.

The total coinage by the United States mints last year was \$137,699,401, of which \$99,272,942 was gold.

Lord Roberts had an audience with Queen Victoria at the Osborne house. An earldom was conferred upon him.

An unknown colored man was lynched by Negroes near Quitman, Ga. He had assaulted a small Negro girl.

A bill has been introduced in the Nebraska legislature against kidnapping. It provides for three grades of punishment.

Edward Cudahy, Jr., failed to identify J. J. Crowe as one of the men who had kidnapped him. The prisoner was released.

The 2-year-old grandson of John D. Rockefeller died of scarlet fever. Another child is dangerously ill of the same disease.

The total receipts of the government during December were \$46,846,508, an increase as compared with December, 1899, of \$87,404.

An entire family at New Sweden, Minn., were stricken by trichinosis. The father and a daughter are dead. They ate smoked sausage which had not been cooked.

The Cuba constitutional convention is considering the acceptance of the Monroe doctrine. Cuba will likely be put on a war footing to help the United States in case such assistance is ever needed.

Gen. De Wet attempted to move toward Bethlehem, but was headed off by Pilcher, and retreated toward Lindley or Reitz. The invaders have reached Glenharry in the heart of the disaffected portion of Cape Colony.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Jan. 5.	
CATTLE—Common	\$2 60 @ 3 75
Extra butchers	4 50 @ 4 75
CALVES—Extra	7 50 @ 7 50
HOGS—Choice packers	5 17½ @ 5 20
Mixed packers	5 00 @ 5 15
SHEEP—Extra	3 85 @ 4 00
LAMBS—Extra	5 50 @ 5 60
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 95 @ 4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	81 @ 81
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	35½ @ 35½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	25½ @ 25½
RYE—No. 2	55 @ 55
HAY—Best timothy.	14 50 @ 14 50
PORK—Family	14 00 @ 14 00
LARD—Steam	7 00 @ 7 00
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	14 @ 14
Choice creamery	26½ @ 26½
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	3 00 @ 3 25
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 65 @ 1 75
TOBACCO—New	10 00 @ 11 25
Old	12 00 @ 14 75

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 70 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	77 @ 79
No. 3 spring	70 @ 76
CORN—No. 2	37½ @ 37½
OATS—No. 2	22½ @ 27
RYE	52 @ 53
PORK—Mess	13 75 @ 13 80
LARD—Steam	7 15 @ 7 20

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 70 @ 3 95
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	83½ @ 83½
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	46 @ 46
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	28½ @ 28½
RYE	57 @ 57
PORK—Family	14 50 @ 15 00
LARD—Steam	7 45 @ 7 45

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76½ @ 77
Southern	75 @ 77½
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	42½ @ 42½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	28 @ 28½
CATTLE—Butchers	4 75 @ 5 00
HOGS—Western	5 50 @ 5 60

Louisville.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	77 @ 77
CORN—Mixed	41 @ 41
OATS—Mixed	26 @ 26
PORK—Mess	12 00 @ 12 00
LARD—Steam	6 75 @ 6 75

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	75 @ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	26½ @ 26½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	23½ @ 23½

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR LADS AND LASSIES.



TALE OF THREE DOGS.

Their Actions Were a Very Fair Reflection of the Manners of Their Masters.

Mary Dameron tells in the St. Nicholas a story of three dogs. The other day, she says, I was walking from the city to the hospital. It is a long walk and I was alone. Just as I had cleared the city, and was climbing a weary some hill, a dog came walking toward me. He had a coat of white and brown shaggy hair, clean, and soft as silk. He did not hesitate, but came right up to me, and, standing on his hind feet, put two soft paws up to my waist, and looked into my face as if he would say: "Good day! I don't know who you are, but I want you to love me, and oh, I know you will! Every body does. I am sure the world must be full of love."

What deep, expressive brown eyes he had! They seemed to speak, although he did not utter a sound. I patted his head, and he rested against me with the confidence of a trusting child. I stood a moment and petted him. He seemed to expect it. Presently I bade him good-by, and walked on.

It was not long before I met another dog. He was a tiny black fellow, and his small eyes fairly danced with mirth as they pecked out from beneath their hairy lids. He was evidently desirous of play. He darted toward me and circled round me, bounding, and wagging his tail. He was soon off to the road again. I threw up my gloved hand and called: "Come, little doggy!"

He came, only to be off again like a flash, looking back every moment, as he ran, as if to say: "What are you walking at that snail's pace for? You'll never catch me in the world!" He did not come to me again. I think he was disgusted. So I walked on.

It was some moments before I saw another dog, but just as I was turning into the broad, fir-bordered avenue leading to the hospital, I spied a big spotted fellow trotting toward me. As he neared me he looked up with a forbidding eye, and began to tuck his tail close to his hind legs. He came on and as he passed I grasped a fold of my dress, which was dragging on the ground. My motion seemed to frighten him, for, with a bound, he commenced to run down the road. I looked back and he stopped at some distance, and seemed to watch me, probably to see if I had meant to strike him.

"I'll learn something about the home life of these dogs," I said to myself.

I found that the brown-spotted dog was called "Pete." He was the pet of an invalid. She would not jump, and frisk, and play; she could only love him, and he had learned to be a gentle, loving little dog.

The little black fellow was "Bounce." He was the pet of a family of boys and girls. He played with them all day long, and at night he was put to sleep in a nice, warm bed.

The last dog was "Dick." Poor Dick! He belonged to a rough, unkind family. He was not half fed, and feared



THE PET OF AN INVALID.

to put his head in at his master's door, for fear of a kick. At night he sought shelter from the cold and snow anywhere he could find it. When I met him he was doubtless returning from the hospital back yard where good Christine, the cook, is ready to feed all the stray dogs and cats that come to her. And such dogs as poor Dick are quick to find anybody with a kind heart like Christine's.

So I have begun to think dogs are like looking-glasses, reflecting the manners of their masters in their own. If I had a dog I'd want him to be like Pete; but if I were a boy or girl I'd want him to be like Bounce.

Told About Mrs. Parvenu.

A woman, who unexpectedly came into a fortune, established a country home where she lived in style. One day she was showing some of her old-time friends the place, when they came to the poultry yard. "What beautiful chickens!" they exclaimed. "All prize fowl," haughtily explained the hostess. "Do they lay every day?" was the next question. "Oh, they could, of course," was the reply, "but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so!"

BABOON AS A SOLDIER.

Jocko Is His Name and His Bravery Made Him the Pet of an English Regiment.

During the war in South Africa the amusing mad boulevard Parisians became sadly wrought up about a rumor that the British were using trained baboons and even gorillas to fight the Boers. France seized on the story with avidity for it pointed at once to a pleasing shortage of men in the British army and a satisfying ferocity.

The entire story grew out of the fact that one British regiment, the duke of Edinburgh's own volunteer rifles, really did have attached to it an immense baboon as the official pet of the soldiers. He had been caught on the Fraserburg road, and Sergt. Pearson took him under his personal care. It was not long before the man-like animal made him-



JOCKO REFRESHING HIMSELF.

self at home, and, after the first engagement, he took a positive delight in the sound of artillery fire. When the troops were crossing the Vaal river Gen. Darren rode up to the officers of the D. E. O. V.'s and demanded, in hot rage, what in the name of the god of war he meant by leaving the wagon with the men's kits in charge of a monkey? Investigation showed that the conveying soldiers had missed the road, and that the baboon, who had stuck to the wagons, was working bravely, picking up the kits as they rolled off and holding fast to movable articles that were bouncing up and down wildly as the wagons jolted along the rocky road.

Not long afterward the monkey was playing with the men in the Maxim attachment when the Boers attacked fiercely. A terrible fire was poured on them, and the colonel and several men fell mortally wounded. Jocko, instead of scampering away, imitated the action of the survivors and sought cover. He found it behind an upturned leather bucket, and remained there, showing no fear, but taking infinite pains to keep out of the way of projectiles.

This exploit made him a popular favorite with the entire army corps, and the men even excused him when they discovered during an arduous march in heat and dust that Jocko had found out how to unscrew the stoppers of the canteens, and that he had drunk or wasted almost all the water of the regiment.

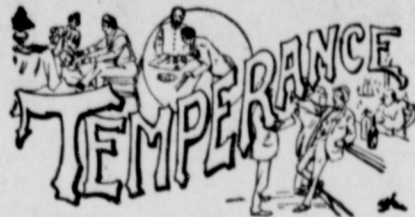
Later Jocko helped his man friends to chase WeDet, and his success in this field has been at least as great as has that of the human soldiers.—London Letter.

Bears Have a Good Time.

From Centre county, Pa., comes the news that bears are more plentiful in that region than for many years. Big and little, tame and wild, they seem to be everywhere. One day a big black bear made its appearance in sight of the courthouse in Bellefonte, took a long drink out of a horse trough, and then curled up on a rock for a sleep. Another day, on one of the mountain branches of the Pennsylvania railroad, two bears came out of the woods and stopped on the railroad. Along came a train and the engineer made the whistle fairly shriek, but the bears were defiant. Keeping in the middle of the track, they jogged along easily, occasionally sitting down to rest, and kept up this performance for two miles. The engineer did not dare to run over them for fear of wrecking the train, so he jogged along behind the bears until they got ready to take to the woods again.

Parson Silences a Lawyer.

A clergyman was giving evidence in a horse stealing case, and the opposing counsel was trying to confuse him. "Pray, sir," he cried, "do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?" "Indeed," replied the reverend gentleman, "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow or between a bull and a bully; only a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully—here he made a bow to the lawyer—"luckily for me, has none."



A VICTIM OF MORPHINE.

Gifted Physician and Surgeon Has Himself Committed to the Workhouse to Get Away from Drug.

Among the prisoners in the workhouse on Blackwell's island is a talented young physician about whom there is a deep mystery. Dr. "John Hamilton" was the name he gave when he appeared before Magistrate Olmsted about six weeks ago and asked to be sentenced for six months that he might make one last desperate effort to free himself from the morphine habit.

Now that he has been wrested from the clutches of the drug to which he had become a veritable slave, "Dr. Hamilton" is frequently called on to serve as an assistant to the surgeons in operations in the workhouse hospital, and his skill as a physician is recognized. That he is of high social position and refinement no one can doubt after seeing him. His manner is that of a gentleman at all times, but he has confided nothing of his history to anyone on Blackwell's island.

Dr. James B. Moore, of 335 East Forty-first street, visiting physician to the prison on Blackwell's island, told, however, how Dr. Hamilton came to be there.

"One day last September a sorrowful, thin, gawky young man walked



SENTENCED HIM TO SIX MONTHS IMPRISONMENT.

into my office at No. 319 East Forty-first street," Dr. Moore explained, "and consulted me about treatment for the morphine habit. He said he was a physician, and implored me pitifully to help him overthrow the sway of the drug."

Dr. Moore asked the young man as to his identity, but a shake of the head was his only response.

Dr. Moore then suggested to his caller that he go to a police court and ask to be sentenced to the workhouse on Blackwell's island, to which he readily consented. Dr. Moore accompanied him to court, and Magistrate Olmsted sentenced him to six months' imprisonment on the formal charge of narcotism. That very day the prisoner was sent to Blackwell's island, and Dr. Moore began work on him.

"I ascertained," said Dr. Moore to a World reporter, "that Hamilton had begun his downward course by taking an elixir, because he was a sufferer from rheumatism and wanted to relieve himself from the pain. Then he began taking doses of cocaine. This became too expensive as his doses became more frequent, and he then began to take morphine by hypodermic injection. The day he came into my office he was almost a complete wreck."

"Well, we have cured the man. He never takes the drug at all, and has been tempted in many ways lately. It is left all about him, but he does not touch it. He says it is his intention to practice medicine in New York city. He is apparently a good physician, judging from the assistance he has rendered us in the workhouse hospital. He positively refuses to tell anything further about himself, but I am convinced that his name is not Hamilton—certainly not John Hamilton."—N. Y. World.

Liquor for South Africa.

A British steamer recently carried 1,000 tons of spirits from Hamburg for South Africa. Speaking of this shipment, New Africa says: "The liquor traffic is a curse. It is an appalling sin—the degradation of Africa. It is no exaggeration to say that there exists no greater enemy to Africa and her peoples than this debasing and deteriorating evil. There is no greater obstacle to the progress of civilization in Africa than the increasing importation of spirituous liquors. It is spreading greater desolation and ruin than any other evil, and is worse than African superstition and barbarism. Thousands are daily sinking to depths of sin and shame by this virulent poison, which unprincipled merchants are constantly importing in enormous quantities to destroy manhood and arrest the development of the continent."

Says Breweries Don't Pay.

Henry Hagemester, treasurer of the Wisconsin Brewers' association, says beer drinking is on the decrease in the Badger state. The days of fortune making in breweries has passed, and several large establishments now fail to return their fair percentage on the money invested. This condition has been brought about in large measure by increased consumption in homes. "When people drink beer at home," says Mr. Hagemester, "they are satisfied when thirst is appeased. In saloons the social or treating feature makes them drink a great deal more. The result to the brewer can be easily understood."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for January 13, 1901—The Triumphal Entry.

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Matthew 21:1-17.) And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto the Mount of Olives, then sent Jesus two disciples.

2. Saying unto them, Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her; loose them, and bring them unto me.

3. And if any man say ought unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them.

4. All this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying,

5. Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass.

6. And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them.

7. And brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set Him thereon.

8. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strawed them in the way.

9. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

10. And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?

11. And the multitude said, This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee.

12. And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves.

13. And said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

14. And the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple, and He healed them.

15. And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David, they were sore displeased.

16. And said unto Him, Heardest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

17. And He left them, and went out of the city into Bethany, and He lodged there.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Matt. 21:9.

The incident of the lesson occurred on Sunday, April 2 and 3, A. D. 30. It is one of those great facts in the life of our Saviour which are recorded by all four of the Gospel writers. The following is an analysis of the text:

1. Two of the Disciples Bring to Jesus an Ass and Her Colt.—Ver. 1-7.

2. The Multitudes Give Him Honor.—Ver. 8-11.

3. He Cleanses the Temple.—Ver. 12-14.

4. Children Sing Hosannas.—Ver. 15-17.

Bethphage was a little village west of Bethany. While the messengers were doing their errand, the visitors to the city of Jerusalem were talking of Jesus and wondering whether He would come. Some early pilgrims reported that He was at Bethphage. So a crowd started out to meet Him. On their way they broke off branches of palms as a sign of victory. In the meanwhile other pilgrims, who had rested over the Sabbath on their way to the city, joined the group around Jesus. The company from the city met the others and, turning, went before them back to the city. One portion would sing the song in verse 9, and the others would shout the chorus of Hosanna, which means: "Save now." This was part of one

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The gambler's face and the gambler's manner are the same all over the world. Always the same impassible watchfulness. Always the same bullying cruelty or catlike feline cruelty. Always the same lurking triumph, and the same lurking sneer at the victim. The same quiet satisfaction that gamblers will be geese, and gamblers are deputed to pluck them; the same suppressed chuckle over the efforts of the luckless to retrieve bad luck; the same calm confidence that the lucky player will by and by back the wrong card, the wrong color, or the wrong number, and the bank will take back its losses. What hard faces they wear! Wear,—for their faces seem masks merely dropped only at stealthy moments. Always the same look and same manner. Young and beautiful faces curdle into it. Women's even. I have seen women, the slaves of the hell's devil kept, whose faces would have been fair and young, if this ugly mask could but be torn away. All men and all women who make prey of their fellows, who lie in wait to seize and dismember brothers and sisters, get this same relentless expression. It fixes itself deepest on a gambler; he must hold the same countenance from the first lamp-lighting until indignant dawn pales the sickly light of lamps, and the first morning air creeps in to stir the heavy-hearted atmosphere, and show that it is poison.

"I've seen villains just like those two," said Brent, "in every hell in Europe and America. They always go in pairs; a tiger and a snake; a bully and a wheedler.

"Mind and matter. The old partnership, like yours and mine."

Next morning the two strangers were free and accepted members of the party. They travelled on with us without question. Smith the gaunt affected a rough frankness of manner. Robinson was low comedy. His head was packed with scurvy jokes and stories. He had a foul leer on his face whenever he was thinking his own thoughts. But either, if suddenly startled, showed the unmistakable look that announces worse crime than mere knavery.

They tangled their names so that we perceived that each was an alias (false name) hastily assumed. Smith compared six-shooters with me. I detected on his the name Murker, half erased. Once, too, Brent heard Murker alias Smith, call his partner Larrap.

"Larrap is appropriate," said I, when Brent told me this; "just the name for him, as that unlucky mule branded 'A. & A.' could testify."

"The long ruffian studied my face when he made that slip, to see if I had heard. He might as well have inspected air for the mark of his traitorous syllables."

"You claim that your phiz is so covered with hieroglyphs, inscriptions of fine feeling, that there is no room to write suspicions of other men's villainy?"

"A clean heart keeps a clean face. A guilty heart will announce itself at eyes and lips and cheeks, and by a thousand tremors of the nerves. I have no prejudice against the family Larrap. But when Larrap's mate spoke the name, he looked at me as if he had been committing a murder, and had by an irresistible impulse proclaimed the fact. Look at him now! how he starts and half turns whenever one of our horses makes a clatter. He dares not quite look back. He knows there is something after him."

"The dread of a vengeance, you think."

I tire of these unwholesome characters I am describing. But I did not put them into the story. They took their places themselves. I find that brutality interferes in most dramas and not lives. Brutality the male sin, disloyalty the female sin—these two are always doing their best to baffle and blight heroism and purity. Often they succeed. Oftener they fail. And so the world exists, and is not annulled; its history is the history of the struggle and the victory. This episode of my life is a brief of the world's complete experience.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MORMON CARAVAN.

Still, as we rode along, the same rich, tranquil days of October. Early on one of the fairest of afternoons when all were fairest, we reached Fort Bridger. Bridger had been an old hunter, trapper, and by and by that forlorn hope of civilization, the holder of an Indian trading-post. The spot is better known now. It was there that miserable bungle and blunder of an administration more fool, than that be possible, than knave—the Mormon expedition in 1858—took refuge, after its disasters on the Sweetwater.

At the moment of our arrival Bridger's Fort had just suffered capture. Its owner was missing. The old fellow had deemed himself the quadruped sovereign of that bleak and dreary region. He had built an adobe fort, with a palisade, on a sweep of plain a degree less desert than the deserts hard by. That oasis was his oasis, so he fondly hoped; that mud fort, his mud fort; those willows and alders, his thickets; and the trade, his trade.

But Bridger was one man, and he had powerful neighbors. It was a case of Naboth's vineyard. The Mormons did not love the rugged mountaineer; that worthy Gentle, in turn, thought the saints no better than so many of the ungodly. The Mormons coveted oasis, fort, thicket, and trade. They accused the old fellow of selling powder and ball to hostile Indians—to Walker, chief of the Utes, a scion, no doubt, of the Hooker Walker branch of that family. Very likely he had done so. At all events, it was a good pretext. So, in the name of the Prophet, and Brigham, successor of the Prophet, the Latter-Day Saints had made a raid upon the post. Bridger escaped to the mountains. The captors occupied the Gentle's property, and spoiled his goods.

Jake Shamberlain told us this story, not without some sympathy for the exile.

"It's olluz so," says Jake; "Paul plants, and Apollyn gets the increase. Not that Bridger's like Paul, any more'n we're like Apollyn; but we're goan to have all the cider off his apple trees."

"I'm sorry old Bridger has come to grief," said Brent to me, as we rode over the plain toward the fort. "He was a rough, but worth all the Latter-Day Saints this side of Armageddon. Biddulph and I stayed a week with him last summer, when we came from the mountains about Luggernel Alley."

"How far is Luggernel Alley from this spot?"

"Fifty miles or so to the south and east. I almost fancy I recognize it in that slight notch in the line of the blue sierra on the horizon. I wonder if I shall ever see it again! If it were not so late, I should insist upon taking you there now. There is no such gorge in the world. There are several of them, some boiling, some cold as ice; and one, the Champagne Spring, wastes in the wilderness the most delicate, sparkling, exhilarating tinkle that ever reddened a lip or freshened a brain."

"Wait half a century; then you and I will go there by rail, with our grandchildren, for draughts of the Fountain of Youth."

"I should like to spend a honeymoon there, if I could find a wife plucky enough to cross the plains."

How well I remembered all this conversation afterwards, and not long afterwards!

We rode up to the fort. A dozen or so of somewhat rubbishy soldiers, the garrison, were lounging about.

"Will they expect a countersign?" asked I—"some slogan of their vulgarized Islamism?" (Islamism, name of the religion of the Turks that allow polygamy.)

"Hardly!" replied Brent. "Only one man in the world can care about assailing this dismal den."

Jake and the main party stopped at the fort. We rode on a quarter of a mile farther, and camped near a stream, where the grass was plentiful.

"Fulano and Pumps are in better condition than when we started," said I, while we were staking them out for a long feed. "The mustangs have had all the sedgery; these aristocrats must be set to do their share soon."

"They are in prime racing order. If we had them in training for three months for a steeple-chase, or a flight, or a rescue, they could not be in better trim than this moment. I suppose their time to do their duty must be at hand, they seem so ardent for it."

We left our little caballada nibbling daintily at the sweetest spires of self-cured hay, and walked back to the fort.

We stood there chatting with the garrison. Presently Brent's quick eye caught some white spots far away on the slope of the prairie, like sails on the edge of a dreamy, sunny sea.

"Look," said he, "there comes a Salt Lake emigration train."

"Yes," said a Mormon of the garrison, "that's Elder Sizzum's train. Their forerunner came in this morning to choose the camping-spot. There they be! two hundred ox-teams, a thousand Saints, bound for the Promised Land."

He walked off to announce the arrival, whistling. "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

I knew of Sizzum as the most seductive orator and foreign propagandist of Mormonism. He had been in England some time, very successful at the good work. The caravans we had already met were of his proselytes. He himself was coming on with the last train, the one now in view, and steering for Fort Bridger.

As we stood watching, the lengthening flow of white-hooded wagons crept slowly into sight. They came forward diagonally to our line of view, traveling apart at regular intervals, like the vessels of a well-ordered convoy. Now the whole fleet dipped into a long hollow, and presently the leader rose slowly over the ridge, and then slid over the slope, like a sail winging down the broad back of a surge. So they made their way along over the rolling sweep of the distance.

"Beautiful!" said Brent. "See how the white canvas glimmers in this rich October haze. Such scenes are the poetry of prairie life."

"I am too sorry for the crews, to enjoy the sunlit sails."

"Yes, the safer their voyage, the surer their wreck in that gulf of superstition beyond the mountains."

"Perhaps we waste sympathy. A man who has no more wit than to believe the trash they teach, has no business with anything but stupid drudgery. He will never suffer with

discovering his faith to be a delusion."

"You may say that of a grown man; but think of the children—to grow up in desecrated homes, and never know the close and tender influence of family nurture."

"The state owes them an interference and an education."

"So it does; and the women protection from polygamy, whether they will or no."

"Certainly. Polygamy makes woman a slave, either by force, or influence stronger than force. The state exists only to secure the blessings of liberty to every soul within its borders, and so must free her."

"Good logic, but not likely, quite yet, to guide legislation in our country." (U. S. laws now prohibit polygamy in Utah.)

"This is Sizzum's last train; if the women here are no more fascinating than their shabby sisters of its forerunners, we shall carry our hearts safe home."

"I can not laugh about that," said Brent. "My old dread revives, whenever I see one of these caravans, that there may be in it some innocent girl too young to choose, carried off by a fanatic father or guardian. Think of the misery to a woman of any refinement!"

"But we have not seen any such."

Larrap and Murker here joined us, overhearing the last remark, began to speak in a very disgusting tone of the women we had seen in previous trains.

"I don't wish to hear that kind of stuff," said Brent, turning sternly upon Larrap.

"It's a free country, and I shall say what I please," the fellow said, with a grin.

"Then say it to yourself, and away from me."

"You're blame squimidge," said Larrap, and added a beastly remark.

Brent caught him by the collar, and gave him a shake.

Murker put his hand to a pistol and looked "Murder, if I dared!"

"None of that," said I, stepping before him.

Jake Shamberlain, seeing the quarrel, came running up. "Now, Brother Brent," said Jake, "no shindies in this here Garden of Paradise. If the gent has made a remark what teches you apologies is in order, an he'll make all far and squar."

Brent gave the greasy man a flog.

He went down. Then he got up, with a trace of Bridger's claim on his red shirt.

"Yer needn't be so blame hash with a feller," said he. "I didn't mean no offence."

"Very well. Learn to talk like a man, and not like a brute!" said Brent.

The two men walked off together, with black looks.

"You look disappointed, Shamberlain," said I. "Did you expect a battle?"

"There's no fight in them fellers," said Jake; "but if they can serve you a mean trick they'll do it; and they're amushin' now to look in the dictionary and see what it is. You'd better keep the lariats of that black and that gray tied round your legs to-night, and every good horse-thief night while they're along. They may be jolly dogs, and let their chances slide at cards, but my notion is they're layin' low for bigger hauls."

"Good advice, Jake; and so we will."

By this time the head wagons of Elder Sizzum's train had crept down upon the level near us. For the length of a long mile behind, the serpentine line held its way. On the yellow rim of the world, with softened outlines against the hazy horizon, the rear wagons were still climbing up into view. The caravan lay like a slowly writhing hydra (snake with many tails) over the land. Along its snaky bends, where dragon-wings should be, were herds of cattle, plodding beside the "trailing-footed" teams, and little companies of Saints lounging leisurely toward their evening's goal, their unbuilt hostelry on the plain.

Presently the hydra became a two-headed monster. The foremost wagon bent to the right, the second led off to the left. Each successor, as it came to the point of divergence, fled to the right or left alternately. The split creature expanded itself. The two wings moved on over a broad grassy level north of the fort, describing in regular curve a great ellipse, a third of a mile long, half as much across.

On either flank the march was timed and ordered with the precision of practice. This same manoeuvre had been repeated every day of the long journey. Precisely as the foremost teams met at the upper end of the curve, the two hindmost were parting at the lower. The ellipse was complete. It looked itself top and bottom. The train came to a halt. Every wagon of the two hundred stopped close upon the heels of its file leader.

A tall man, half pioneer, half deacon, in dress and mien, galloped up and down the ring. This was Sizzum, so the bystanders informed us. At a signal from him, the oxen, two and three yoke to a wagon, were unyoked, herded, and driven off to wash the dust from their protestant nostrils, and graze over the russet prairie. They huddled along, a great army, a thousand strong. Their brown flanks grew ruddy with the low sunshine. A cloud of golden dust rose and hung over them. The air was loud with their lowing. Relieved from their drags, the herd frisked away with onwardly gamboling. We turned to the camp, that improvised city in the wilderness.

(To be continued.)

LIFE OF USEFULNESS.

Dr. Talmage Points the Way to It in a Sermon.

The Power of One Word—Destiny May Be Changed by a Fittly Spoken Sentence—Sympathy for the Troubled.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows an open door for anyone who desires to be useful, and illustrates how a little thing may decide one's destiny. The text is Proverbs 25:11 (revised version): "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

A filigree basket loaded with fruit is put before us in the text. What is ordinarily translated "pictures" ought to be "baskets." Here is a silver network basket containing ripe and golden apples, pippins or rennets. You know how such apples glow through the openings of a basket of silver network. You have seen such a basket of fruit on many a table. It whets the appetite as well as regales the vision. Solomon was evidently fond of apples, because he so often speaks of them. While he writes in glowing terms of pomegranates and figs and grapes and mandrakes, he seems to find solace as well as lusciousness in apples, calling out for a supply of them when he says in another place: "Comfort me with apples." Now you see the meaning of my text, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

You see the wise man enigmizes just one word. Plenty of recognition has there been for great orations. Cicero's arraignment of Cataline, the philippics of Demosthenes, the five days' argument of Edmund Burke against Warren Hastings, Edward Irving's discourses on the Bible, and libraries full of prolonged utterance, but my text controls the power of one word when it refers to "a word fitly spoken."

This may mean a single word or a small collection of words—something you can utter in one breath, something that you can compact into one sentence. "A word fitly spoken"—an encouraging word, a kind word, a timely word, a sympathetic word, an appropriate word. I can pass right down the aisle of any church and find between pulpit and front door men whose temporal and eternal destinies have been decided by a word.

I tell you what is a great crisis in every man's history. It is the time when he is entering an occupation or profession. He is opposed by men in middle life, because they do not want any more rivals, and by some of the aged, because they fear being crowded off and their places being taken by younger men. Hear the oft-repeated and unfair examinations of young lawyers by old lawyers, of young doctors by old doctors, of young ministers by old ministers. Hear some of the old merchants talk about the young merchants. Trowels and hammers and scales often are jealous of new trowels and new hammers and new scales. Then it is so difficult to get introduced. How long a time has many a physician had his sign out before he had got a call for his services, and the attorney before he got a case? Who wants to risk the life of his family to a young physician who got his diploma only last spring, and who may not know measles from scarletina, or to risk the obtaining of a verdict for \$20,000 to an attorney who only three years ago read the first page of Blackstone?

How is the young merchant to compete with his next door bargain maker, who can afford to undersell some things because he can more than make it up by the profit on other things, or has failed three times and had more money after each failure? How is that mechanic to make a livelihood when there are twice as many men in that trade as can in hard times find occupation? There are this very moment thousands of men who are just starting life for themselves, and they need encouragement. Not long harangue, not quotation from professed book, not a page, not a paragraph, but a word, one word fitly spoken.

Why does not that old merchant, who has been 40 years in business, go into that young merchant's store and say: "Courage!" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling your own experience, and how long you waited for customers, and how the first two years you lost money, and how the next year, though you did better, illness in your household swamped the surplus with doctor's bills. Why does not that old lawyer go into that young lawyer's office just after he has broken down in making his first plea before a jury and say that word with only two syllables: "Courage!" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling him how you broke down in one of your first cases and got laughed at by court and bar and jury, and how Disraeli broke down at the start, and how hundreds of the most successful lawyers at the start broke down. Why do not the successful men go right away and tell those who are starting what they went through and how their notes got protested, and what unfortunate purchases they made, and how they were swindled, but kept right on until they reached the golden milestone? Even some who pretend to favor the new beginner and say they wish him well put obstacles in his way.

There are so many men who have all the elements of usefulness and power except one—courage. If you can only under God give them that you give them everything. In illustrating that one word show them that every man that ever amounted to anything had terrific struggle. Show him what ships Deatur had to fight, and what a mountain Hannibal had to

climb, and what a lame foot Walter Scott had to walk on, and that the greatest poet who ever lived—Milton—was blind, that one of the grandest musicians of all the ages—Beethoven—was deaf, and that Stewart, in some respects the greatest merchant that America ever saw, began in his small store, cining on bread and cheese behind the counter in a snatched interregnum between customers, he opening the store and closing it, sweeping it out with his own broom and being his own errand boy. Show them that within ten minutes' walk there are stores, shops, and factories, and homes where as brave deeds have been done as those of Leonidas at Thermopylae, as that of Horatius at the bridge, as that of Colin Campbell at Balaklava. Tell them what Napoleon said to his staff officer when that officer declared a certain military attempt to be impossible. "Impossible!" said the great commander. "Impossible is the adjective of fools."

Show them also that what is true in worldly directions is more true in spiritual directions. Call the roll of prophets, apostles and martyrs and private Christians from the time the world began and ask them to mention one man or woman greatly good or useful who was not depreciated and flailed and made a laughing stock. Racks and prisons and whips and shipwrecks and axes of beheadment did their worst, yet the heroes were more than conquerors. With such things you will illustrate that word "courage," and they will go out from your presence to start anew and right, challenging all earth and hell to the combat.

There are four or five words which fitly spoken, might soothe and emancipate and rescue. Go to those from whose homes Christ has taken to Himself a loved one, and try the word "reunion"—not under wintry sky, but in everlasting springtime; not a land where they can be struck with disease, but where the inhabitant never says: "I am sick;" not a reunion that can be followed by separation, but in a place "from which they shall go no more out forever." For emancipation and sighing, immortal health. Reunion, or, if you like the word better, anticipation. There is nothing left for them in this world. Try them with Heaven. With a chapter from the great book open one of the 12 gates. Give them one note of seraphic harp, one flash from the sea of glass, one clatter of the hoofs of the horses on which victors ride. That word reunion, or anticipation, fitly spoken—well, no fruit heaped up in silver baskets could equal it. Of the 2,000 kinds of apples that have blessed the world, not one is so mellow or so rich or so aromatic, but we take the suggestion of the text, and compare that word of comfort, fitly spoken, to apples of gold in baskets of silver.

There must be no impatience in the warning we give others. We must realize that but for the kindness of God to us we would have been in the same rapids. That man going wrong may be struggling with a tide of evil inherited from father and grandfather and great-grandfather. The present temptation may be the accumulated force of generations and centuries. "No," you say, "his father was a good man. I knew him." But did you know his grandfather? Evil habit is apt to skip one generation, a fact recognized in the Ten Commandments, which speak of the third and fourth generations, but say nothing of the second generation.

Or the man astray may have an unhappy home, and that is enough to wreck anyone. We often speak of men who destroy their homes, but do not say anything about the fact that there are thousands of wives in America who by petulance and fretting and inconsideration and lack of economy and all manner of disagreeableness drive their husbands into dissipation. The reason that thousands of men spend their evenings in clubhouses and taverns is because they cannot stand it at home. I know men who are 30-year martyrs in the fact that they are awfully married. That marriage was not made in Heaven. Without asking Divine guidance they entered into an alliance which ought never to have been made. That is what is the matter with many men you and I know. They may be very brave and heroic and say nothing about it but all the neighbors know. Now, if the man going wrong has such domestic misfortune, be very lenient and excusatory in your word of warning. The difference between you and him may be that you would have gone down faster than he is going down if you had the same kind of conjugal wretchedness.

In mentioning fine arts people are apt to speak of music and painting and sculpture and architecture, but they forget to mention the finest of all the fine arts—the art of doing good, the art of helping others, the art of saving men. An art to be studied as you study music, for it is music in the fact that it drives out moral discord and substitutes eternal harmony; an art to be studied like sculpture, for it is sculpture in the fact that it builds a man, not in the cold statue, but in immortal shape, that will last long after pentecostal marble has crumbled; an art to be studied as you study architecture, for it is architecture in the fact that it builds for him a house of God, eternal in the heavens, but an art that we cannot fully learn unless God helps us. Ourselves saved by grace Divine, we can go forth to save others, and with a tenderness and compassion and a pity that we could not otherwise exercise we can pronounce the warning word with magnificent result. The Lord said to the prophet Amos: "Amos, what seest thou?" And he answered: "A basket of summer fruit." But I do not think Amos saw in that basket of summer fruit anything more inviting and luscious than many a saved man has seen in the warning word of some hearty com-

mon sense Christian adviser, for a word fitly spoken is "like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

So also is a word of invitation potent and beautiful. Who can describe the drawing power of that word, so small and yet so tremendous, "Come!" It is a short word, but its influence is as long as eternity. Not a sesquipedalian word, spreading its energy over many syllables, but monosyllabic. Whether calling in wrong direction or right direction, many have found it irresistible. That one word has filled all the places of dissipation and dissoluteness. It is responsible for the abominations that curse the earth. Inquire at the door of prisons what brought the offender there, and at the door of almshouses what brought the pauper there, and at the door of the lost world what was the cause of the incarceration, and if the inmates speak the truth they will say: "The word 'Come!' brought us here." Come and drink. Come and gamble. Come and sin. Come and die. Pronounce that word with one kind of inflection and you can hear in it the tolling of all the bells of conflagration and woe.

The chief baker in prison in Pharaoh's time saw in dream something quite different from apples of gold in baskets of silver, for he said to Joseph: "I also was in a dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head, and in the uppermost basket there was all manner of baked meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat them out of the baskets upon my head." Joseph interpreted the dream and said it meant that the chief baker should be beheaded and the birds would eat his flesh.

But, oh, the power of that word "Come!" when aright uttered! We do well when we send young men into schools and colleges and theological seminaries and by nine years of instruction and drill hope to prepare them to sound aright that sweet and enrapturing and Heaven descended word "Come. The Gospel we believe in is a Gospel of "Come." That word speak all the churches. That word is now building thrones for conquerors and burnished coronets for kings and queens. That word is to sound so clearly and impressively and divinely that the day is advancing when all nations shall respond: "We come!" "We come!" And while the upper steeples toward God and Heaven will be thronged with redeemed souls ascending there will not be one solitary traveler on the road of sin and death.

In the Kremlin at Moscow, Russia, is what is called the "king of bells," but it is a ruined bell, and it has rung no sound for near 200 years. It is 67 feet in circumference, and in height it is more than ten times the height of the average man, and it took a score of men to swing its brazen tongue. It weighs 200 tons. On the 19th of June, 1706, in a great fire it fell and broke. It broke at the part which was weakened by the jewels which the ladies of Moscow threw into the liquid metal at the casting. The voices of that bell are forever hushed. It will never ring again, either at wedding or obsequy or coronation. What majestic and overpowering silence! Enthroned and everlasting quietude! One walks around it full of wonder and historical reminiscence and solemnity. On it are figures in relief representing czar and empress and Christ and Mary and the evangelists. But as I stood before it last summer I bethought myself of a greater bell and one still ringing. It is the Gospel bell, ages ago hung on the beam of the cross. It has vaster circumference and with mightier tongue sounds across seas and continents and awakens echoes amid Alpine and Himalayan and Sierra Nevada ranges. The jewels of affection thrown into it at its casting by ransomed souls of earth and Heaven have not weakened it, but made it stronger and more glorious. Evangelists and apostles ring it, and martyrs lifted their hands through the flames to give it another sounding. It will ring on until all nations hear it and accept its invitation: "Come! Come!" It will not fail, as did that of Moscow. No storm can stop it. No earthquake can rock it down. When the fires of the last day blaze into the heavens, amid the crash of mountains and the groan of dying seas, its clear, resounding voice will be heard calling to the last inhabitant of the burning planet: "Come! Come!"

But it requires now no great strength to ring the bell. With this weak hand, yesterday formed and tomorrow turned to dust, I lay hold that Gospel bell in invitation to all to whom these words shall come, on whatever land or whatever sea, in high places or low. I ring out the word: "Come, come!" Come and have your sorrows solaced. Come and have your wounds healed. Come and have your fatigues rested. Come and have your soul saved. Do you not hear the very last proclamation from the heavens which the seer of Patmos was commissioned to make: "The Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely?" Aye, hear you not the chime of many Gospel bells in the invitation this moment sounding from the heavens: "Come out from among them and be ye separate," saith the Lord. "And touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters," saith the Lord Almighty. Come and sit down at the King's banquet. Was there ever such a brilliant feast or so many royal guests? Here are the chalices filled not from the breweries of earth, but with the "new wine of the kingdom." And here are the ripe, purple clusters of Eschol, and pass them around to all the banqueters—"apples of gold in baskets of silver."

METHODS OF MORMON MISSIONARIES.

BY REV. WM. R. CAMPBELL.

[Continued from last week.]

They follow this by stating: "We believe that baptism is the third principle of the Gospel, and that baptism is remission of sins, as is taught in the Scripture. Here we differ a little from some denominations who teach that baptism is 'an outward sign of an inward grace.' In this particular we claim that we are right because we follow the Scriptures while other denominations have 'turned away from the truth unto fables.'" In this connection, they quote a number of passages which teach baptism and use the expression "remission of sins." They generally discuss one point at a time and dwell upon it until they feel that they have convinced the "inquirer" before they take up the next point. After having satisfied the one to whom they are talking that baptism is necessary and that it is for the "remission of sins," then they proceed: "We believe, moreover, that immersion is the only valid mode of baptism."

They then take up the next point by saying: "We believe that the doctrine of the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost is the fourth principle of the Gospel." In the support of this so-called "principle" they quote Acts viii. 17, 18; Acts ix. 17, and Acts xix. 6. They here claim that the Holy Spirit cannot be received "as a gift" without the laying on of hands, and that these passages, interpreted in view of context, so teach. If the "inquirer" happens to be sufficiently familiar with the Bible to quote Luke xi. 13, to show that asking is the only condition which Christ requires for the receiving the Holy Spirit, or Acts ii. 3, 4, to show that there was no laying on of hands on the day of Pentecost; they explain away all these passages and any others of similar import.

Having made the above points all clear to one whom the elders are trying to reach, they then submit the proposition that neither baptism nor the laying on of hands will be of avail unless the one administering these ordinances is duly authorized so to do.

They then undertake to prove that no one is authorized to teach, preach, or administer the ordinances except the Mormon priesthood. By their peculiar methods of interpreting the Scripture, they "prove" that the Christian Church of old was to apostatize immediately after the apostolic age; and then by a similar use of history they "prove" that as a matter of fact the church did so apostatize, that the "dark ages" came on because of such apostasy, that the Reformation was merely an effort on the part of man to establish the Church of Christ, but was a failure because there was no revelation and no true prophet to lead in the work, and that there was no true church in the world from the ancient apostolic times to the days of Joseph Smith, who was duly "authorized" by prophecy and revelation, as of old, to re-establish the true church in the world.

Hence, you see, that from the apparently innocent beginning with faith, repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands, they keep on until they reach the startling conclusion that there is no true church in all the world but the Latter-day Saints, or Mormon Church, as it is generally called.

If they can get you to accept this conclusion and join their church, in time they will, by precisely the same style of reasoning as above, lead you to believe that God is a polygamist, and that men may become gods by practicing this abomination. They will moreover by the same methods lead you to accept the Mormon priesthood as "the mouthpiece of God" whom you must "obey in all things, temporal as well as spiritual." They will thus enslave you and make you pay tithes for their support while they go around pretending to preach "without purse or scrip" in order to get more money out of those whom they are leading astray.

When the Mormon "elders" approach your door or invite you to their meetings, your only safety lies in remembering the words of Christ; "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

There are few ailments as uncomfortable as piles, but they can easily be cured by using Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment. Relief follows its use, and any one suffering from piles cannot afford to neglect to give it a trial. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Correspondence.

Mason County.

Maysville. All the city schools opened for work Monday.

The Moransburg school which was left vacant by Miss Florence Taylor on account of illness, is being taught by Mrs. Lettie Henderson.

Miss Mamie Grant was the guest of Mrs. Lenora Bass.

Mrs. Mary Clemons and Mrs. Blair visited Mrs. Sudie Morton recently.

Miss Hattie Williams has returned to her school in Cincinnati after a very pleasant visit to this city.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. Josie Smith takes this opportunity of thanking her friends for every little gift given her in helping her off to school. She is an orphan child and the entire community wishes her well. We would that others would go from here to Berea.

Born to the wife of H. L. Herod a daughter, Henrietta Herod.

Mrs. Judie Boyd of Cynthia is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. Turner.

Mrs. Harris of Mt. Sterling is visiting her brother, Eld. W. H. Bowen.

Mrs. King returned to Covington Saturday after spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Charles Mason.

Miss Rada J. Reed spent the holidays with her grandmother, Mrs. Tabitha Graham.

For broken limbs, chilblains burns, scalds, bruised shins, sore throat, and sores of every kind, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment. It will give immediate relief and heal any wound. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Owsley County.

Gabbard. Geo. Cawood is hauling logs for Robt. Rose.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis More, of Cow Creek, died last week.

W. B. Gabbard was at Booneville Monday.

Cordell Roberts has just returned from Tallega.

James Moore, who was shot by Ap Murrell, is very low at this writing.

Ap Murrell, who was accused of the murder of Lewis Moore, and the wounding of James Moore will have an examining trial Friday.

C. B. Gabbard, went to Booneville Monday.

The Citizen is improving and we hope it will continue.

C. B. Moore of Eversole is on Little Buffalo this week.

Able Wilson had an examining trial last week for the murder of Lewis Moore. He was held over until the next term of Circuit Court without bail.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Coudell, of Meadow Creek visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

W. B. Combs of Little Buffalo was here Sunday. He had been to Jackson county.

In sluggish liver, Herbine, by its beneficial action upon the biliary tracts, renders the bile more fluid, and brings the liver into a sound, healthy condition, thereby banishing the sense of drowsiness, lethargy, and the general feeling of apathy which arise from disorders of the liver. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

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WORMS! WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE

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Jackson County.

Clover Bottom. County Court convenes at McKee next week.

Robert Daugherty is at home for a few days.

Charles Jones has come home to stay.

A number of people of this vicinity went to Richmond Monday to sell their shingles.

Grant Isaacs has measles.

Daniel Sparks thinks of moving to Berea to pursue his trade as carpenter.

Mr. Dean has an enrollment of nineteen pupils.

Aaron Powell and brother Woosley have purchased the Henry Bicknell farm on Ousley Fork.

Madison County.

College Hill. Mr. George Chenault has moved to the place he recently purchased of Thomas Parker.

Mr. Jacob Laine has returned to Winchester, having spent Christmas at home.

Mrs. Ada Martin who has been sick is improving.

E. C. Grinstead is preparing to leave for Kansas City soon.

Mr. Simpson Norris has rented the Dr. Ayers' place for the present year.

Mrs. Anna Grinstead gave a Christmas dinner last Thursday and quite a number enjoyed the sumptuous repast.

Willie Fields has returned from Frankfort where he has been with some logs.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams Chenault have returned from visiting their children.

Wallacetown. Mrs. H. C. Wylie has had the gripe recently.

Mrs. Ike Vodkins is very sick.

Mrs. John Cade is also sick with gripe.

Mr. James Gaffy is very sick with measles.

Oscar Hiatt who has had measles is out again.

Miss Mary Gabbard is visiting friends at Berea.

Mr. Green Gabbard will start for Ohio in three weeks.

Mr. Author Yocum of Berea was visiting friends Sunday.

Rev. Smith of Berea preached an excellent sermon at the M. E. Church Sunday. We indeed felt greatly benefited in hearing him.

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THE HOME.

(Edited pro tem by the Manager.)

MRS. LILLIAN STEVENS.

She Has Just Been Re-elected President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, who has been re-elected president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is a native of Dover, Me., and began her work as a teacher in her own state. At 21 she married Mr. Stevens and went with her husband to his home near Portland. Mrs. Stevens first met Miss Willard at Old Orchard in the summer of 1875 and there assisted in the organization of the Maine W. C. T. U. Her first office was that of treasurer of the



LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.
(President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

state union. She next became president, and under her guidance the Maine organization soon became conspicuous in the national union and its president no less conspicuous among the ladies at work in the temperance cause. Mrs. Stevens' advance in the union was rapid. She was elected vice president during the life of Miss Willard and succeeded that great reformer as president when Miss Willard died.

CONTROL YOURSELF.

Nothing Ages a Woman So Quickly and Surely as Giving Way to Temper and Worry.

Never give way to fits of ill temper. Every sensible woman ought to be aware that bad temper and worry will trace more wrinkles in a week than hot and cold bathing and massage and complexion brushes and creams and lotions can remove in a year's faithful application. Physicians assert that an immense amount of nerve-force is expended in every fit of bad temper; that when a little part of the nervous system is injuriously affected, the face first records it. The eyes begin to lose the luster of youth, muscles become flabby, the skin refuses to contract accordingly, and the inevitable result is wrinkles, woman's fiercest and most insidious foe.

Indulging in a fit of temper not only makes a woman old and ugly before her time, but it actually shortens life. Moreover, every time she loses control of her temper she unhinges a moral brain-cell and weakens by several degrees her capacity for self-control.

The oftener she permits herself to indulge in what she believes to be righteous indignation, the more frequently she finds such occasions presenting themselves, for life is full of such irritating opportunities. It is these frequent bursts of passion that prevent women from growing old so beautifully that they seem to retain their youthful attractions, and, like a tree, become more amiable with age.

A mouth that from habit has set itself in an aggrieved or hard line soon settles in a grim curve that writes years of age upon a woman's face, and imparts a discontented and disagreeable expression which repels all desire for intimacy on the part of her acquaintances.

No matter how beautiful and brainy and fascinating the bad-tempered woman may be, or how lengthy her bank account, her power is infinitesimal compared with that of her amiable sister. And amiability is not only power; it is mental progression, health, happiness and long life to one's self and to one's friends and family.—N. Y. Weekly.

In biliousness, Herbine, by expelling from the body the excess of bile and acids, improves the assimilative processes, purifies the blood, and tones up and strengthens the entire system. Price, 50 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dismore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Physical Training in

the Public Schools.

We hear it commonly stated that boys and girls who work at home and perhaps walk a considerable distance to school, have no need of calisthenics—they get exercise enough.

But these same boys and girls often have narrow chests, weak lungs, stooped shoulders, and ungraceful carriage. They take cold easily, a racking cough clings to them and the army of consumptives is being added to from their ranks.

They do not lack in exercise of the kind they get but they do need something different. The muscles of the back, shoulders and chest need strengthening. They should be given an exercise daily in full abdominal breathing. It may be a difficult matter, if not an impossibility, at first for them to straighten the shoulders and assume an erect position. From ten to twenty minutes each day of sharp practice in simple calisthenics would do much to correct bad habits of standing, walking and breathing.

The principal reason why physical culture is so much neglected is that the teachers in general know so little about it. The time is coming when a teacher will be required to understand calisthenics well enough to teach it intelligently, and progressive teachers should be in advance of the movement.

Much is said about a well rounded education, an education that will include physical, mental and moral culture; but the fact remains that little is being done for the physical development of the children in the public schools. Colleges and Universities make a great deal of their gymnasiums for physical training but it is a much greater necessity in elementary schools than in those more advanced. Not nearly so much can be done in correcting physical faults for boys and girls well grown as for children. "A stitch in time saves nine" in this as well as other fractures.

Well rounded symmetrical bodies, graceful carriage, and vigorous constitutions will make life longer and better. These are the things every teacher should strive for in his pupils.

The disposition of children largely depends upon health. If they are troubled with worms, they will be irritable, cross, feverish, and perhaps seriously sick. White's Cream Vermifuge is a worm expeller and tonic to make them healthy and cheerful. Price 25 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

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For information and friendly advice address the Vice-President, GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, L. L. D. - Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The Races of Corn.

Indian corn has been in cultivation by the native races of America for an indefinite period. It probably originated from a wild form somewhere on the Mexican plateau. Botanists usually refer all forms to one species, Zea Mays, with several well-marked sub-species or races.

There are five races of corn grown in the United States on a commercial scale:

I. Dent Corns.—A part of the starch in the grain is of a close, hard texture. This is called the horny endosperm and is found along the sides of the kernel, while the softer portion, or starchy endosperm, is found in the center extending to the summit. In drying the center shrinks more than the rest, hence leaves a dent at the apex of the grain. Dent corns are the common field varieties grown in the corn belt and are almost the only kinds exported. There are various colors, white, yellow, and mottled (calico), being the most common. There are also red and blue varieties. Three hundred and twenty-three varieties are described.

II. Sweet Corns.—These are chiefly found in gardens, but are grown on commercial scale for canning purposes, and some of the large sorts are grown for fodder. The first variety cultivated was obtained from the New England Indians, in 1779. In 1854 there were ten varieties. Now there are sixty-three. Corn as a vegetable is practically unknown outside of the United States.

III. Flint.—The horny endosperm entirely surrounds the starchy, and hence the grain is smooth at maturity. Color, various. Many varieties have eight rows and hence are known as eight-rowed corn. Flint corn can be grown much farther north than the dent corn, since it matures earlier, hence it is the prevailing form in Canada and the northern United States. Since it is the common corn of New England it is often called Yankee corn.

IV. Pop-Corns.—These resemble the flint corns, but differ in the ability to "pop" when heated. This phenomenon depends upon the fact that the starch is in the form of horny endosperm and the moisture present can not escape, but finally explodes, turning the grain inside out. There are twenty-five varieties.

V. Soft Corns.—In these the starch is all in the form of starchy endosperm. It seems to have been common among the Indians of the Southwest. Some of the blue squaw-corns belong to this race. "Brazilian flour" sold by seedmen is a soft corn. There is no dent in these varieties. Besides the above there is a pod variety grown as a curiosity, in which each kernel is enclosed in a husk; and some ornamental varieties derived from the flint corn, grown for striped or barred leaves. The latter are usually sold under the name of Zea Japonica.

The varieties of corn are very variable in size, shape, and other qualities. The late Dr. Sturtevant, an authority on corn, said: "The height of the plant in varieties and localities has been reported from eighteen inches for the golden Tom Thumb pop to thirty feet or more for varieties in the West Indies, and single stalks in Tennessee at twenty-two and one half feet. I have seen ears one inch long in the pop class and sixteen inches long in the dent class. The rows in varieties may vary from eight to twenty-four or more, and in individual ears are reported from four to forty-eight. A hundred kernels of miniature pop weighed forty-six grains; of Cuzco soft, 1,531 grains. A variety that ripens in one month is mentioned from Paraguay, and seven months is said to be required in some southern countries."

The tables show that the average composition of dent corn is, protein 10.3 per cent., fat 5 per cent.; flint, protein 10.5 per cent., fat 5 per cent.; sweet, protein 11.6 per cent., fat 8.1 per cent. Sweet corn is thus richer in protein and fat, and correspondingly poorer in carbohydrates.

At the Kansas State Agricultural College, experiments are in progress to increase the protein-contents of field corn by crossing and selection. Any increase in the protein will greatly extend its usefulness as a feed for stock.—A. S. HITCHCOCK, Experiment Station, Manhattan, Kan.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that we have investigated Messrs. Chas. L. Patis & Co., Buyers of country produce, 404 Duane Street, New York, and find them to be worthy of all credit and financially able to fulfill any contract that they might make, and cheerfully recommend them to all dealers in produce, or sound financial house to sell to.

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